ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

OR THE

OLD LOG HUT

Composed by

R. Sinclair.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR BY

HENRY CHADWICK.

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Moderato Affettuoso.

There stands the tree we used to climb, And the mill with its roll – – ing
Down by the river our log hut stands, Where Father and Mother once
din, And the old wharf boat, there it used to float Where the
dwelt, And the old door latch that was worn by our hands, And the
school boys used to swim. High grass grows on the
church where in prayer we knelt; Years, years have past since that

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mas – – ter's grave, And the river keeps roll – ing a – long, And the

hap – – py time, But the river keeps roll – ing a – long, And the

birds and the bees, the blossoms, the trees, Are sing – ing the same old

rip – pling sound on the mos – – sy bank, Is sing – ing the same old

song..... Row, &c.

song..... Row, row, row your boat, Gently down the stream,

All that's past is gone you know, The future's but a dream. Row, row, row your boat

Gently down the stream, All that's past is gone you know, The future's but a dream.

Quidor Engv.